UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

A LABOR journal in Philadelphia ntly refused a one thousand dollar rtisement from a leading brewer. encouraging to note how reforms d beyond the line of the profes-l reformer.

ery Other Sunday, edited by E. Horton, speaks of "a striking unt of original planning and in-ctual progressiveness in the work ur Unity Clubs in the churches." considers them as a "fulfillment e Sunday-school instruction."

VERYTHING depends on the angle ision. A Chinese official in a Quarterly says: "A Chinese first blunt his sense of right and g—with or without opium—be-he can accept Christianity as it is ht, with some exceptions, by the onaries. If they were to under-and appreciate the basis of ese morality—filial piety—they d make more converts."

THERE seems to be some difference pinion in the management con-ng the propriety of opening the nbian Exposition with prayer. *Open Court* suggests that those ing prayer should appeal to Congress "Because if that highly religious assembly has the right to make a law closing the Exposition on Sunday it certainly has the right to command that it be opened with prayer on Monday."

THE *Yale Review* for February, in its editorial comment draws an interesting parallel between the present Panama scandal in the French government and the Crédit Mobilier disgraces of the United States twenty years ago, and traces both not to a Republican form of government, but to the demoralizing special legislation in vogue in both countries. "The worst men have a chance to plunder through the agency of the lobby." Let the incoming administration take note and take warning.

AN electric cable between North America and Australasia is one of the new things looked for. Canada, Hawaii, Samoa, Honolulu, the United States and Australia are all interested in the venture, and are all prepared to make investments. How the secular fraternities shame our religious insulations. If these powers waited until they could decide upon some common definition of God, or some unanimity in the use of the word "Christian" they would have to wait a long while for a Pacific cable. How much easier it is to find a common purpose than a common dogma. The desire to get on is a greater motive to lay hold hands than the desire to hold on, or to stand stll.

A MAN, prominent in public and social circles, writes in a private letter: "I doubt if Chicago with her dead flats, horrid stockyard smells and smoking chimneys can ever produce an orator or a poet. It will be obliged to import these articles after the present 'foreign' stock is exhausted." We would prefer to think that the effort necessary to banish the smells and rid the smoke is that which will produce poets and orators. There is something *poetical* in Jackson Park at the present time, and something more than *oratory* in the great dreams, and what will be the high realization of the Auxiliary Congresses next summer; and these were conceived and will be largely executed by Chicago people.

WE recently called attention to the responsibility of the landlords for the disreputable and demoralizing business which is knowingly carried on in their buildings. In some recent court proceedings in Chicago the landlords have been dragged into court, as they should be, to give account for the iniquities to which they are party by renting their houses to such tenants. In this connection it is interesting to read the following from Lady Somerset, published in *London Truth:*

"In reply to the statements concerning her alleged inconsistent ownership of public houses, Lady Henry Somerset writes to London *Truth* as follows: 'I inherited my father's estates ten years ago, and since that time have been enabled to close eight public houses. I have during that time been offered considerable sums of money to extend leases before they fall in, but have always refused. I have never renewed the leases of a licensed house, nor do I ever intend to do so.'"

REV. GEO. H. YOUNG, pastor of the Unitarian church at Lawrence, Mass., recently preached on "Barriers and Fellowship," and his sermon was printed in the local paper. He called attention to the recent dining of Bishop Keane of the Catholic Church with the Unitarian Club of Boston, where he sat next to the most eminent Unitarian Divine of America; and, continues the preacher:

"The best of it is the heavens did not fall and have shown no signs of falling. It is even doubtful if the higher powers in the Romish church will find in the incident anything to condemn."

We don't see dissenters hanged in this day, we simply see them disfellowshipped. It is an immense advance, I grant you, but the demand we have a right to make of this age is, that every vestige of ostracism for opinions held shall be outgrown. My Catholic brother, my Jewish brother, my Orthodox brother have just as good right to their views as I have to mine, and my right is as good as theirs. Every man ought to be true to himself—ought to stand on his own feet.

When the barriers are removed what a "Holy Catholic church" that will be that will count as its members Bishop Keane and Edward Everett Hale.

REV. P. U. HUGENHOLTZ, of Amsterdam, writing to the Chairman of the Unitarian committee on the International Unitarian Congress, sends cordial greetings to the friends on this side of the water. He says: "I have the most agreeable recollections of my visit to the United States and especially to Chicago." Among several timely and interesting suggestions concerning the program for the above Congress is the following: "Is it not a duty incumbent upon Unitarians to compile a Bible of humanity containing the noblest elements of the holy writings of all nations?" The Unitarianism that ripens into the unities of modern thought and life is already busy at that work. But for a long time each must be his own compiler. Perhaps once Bible reverences and appreciations escape the limitations of one set of covers it will ever after be impossible to satisfactorily confine such reverences and appreciations within another set of covers, however ample. The compiling will always be more interesting than the compilation. The minister who has not the high task of a weekly hunt for "holy Scripture" suitable to his Sunday needs misses one of the stimulating privileges of his office. The quest is a most exciting one.

THE Union League Club of Chicago is making itself a real power in the higher politics of this city. They believe in making patriots. Each year on Washington's birthday they bring to our city the most commanding voice they can find in the nation to speak upon the high themes that appeal to American citizenship, and, at the same time, they arrange for a series of mass-meetings of the school children of the city where the lessons of patriotism are urged upon the coming voters. This year Edward Everett Hale is to stand in the place which on previous years has been occupied by James Russell Lowell, Chauncy Depew and their like. The great Auditorium Hall will be filled by the best intellect and the best heart of Chicago, such an audience as could be gathered in but few places on the globe. That audience will come to listen to one who is a noble illustration of what republican ideas in the state, and the liberal method in religion may produce. Mr. Hale is so good an Unitarian that the word refuses to stick on him as a badge. He is so good a republican that to serve the republic becomes to him a religious duty, and to vote becomes a sacrament. The author of "A Man without a Country" will be welcomed to Chicago by representatives of all creeds and of no creeds; of all parties and of no parties because he belongs to all these.

THE Salvation Army is winning friends and a hearing in many directions. On a recent Sunday morning one of its officers filled the pulpit of the Third Unitarian Church, J. Vila Blake, pastor, and in the evening they were welcomed by Bishop Fallows and his congregation. Brigadier Fielding spoke of the unfavorable criticism of church members as to the methods of the Army and suggested that it was a great mistake to think that these soldiers enjoyed the uniform and the drum which was part of their outfit. He claims that those "steeped in sin" whom the Army is seeking will not listen to ordinary persuasion or put themselves in touch willingly with good influences, but that they must be *sought*. The help that Church members may give "is to live such lives as will persuade men and women out of the church that it would be to their credit to belong to it." Two women belonging to the Salvation Army and whose work is in the slums, accompanied General Fielding and spoke from personal experience of their work. In the service which they are rendering to the wretched ones of our alleys we cannot fail to appreciate the absolute Christ-likeness. Nothing less than Divine love in the heart could strengthen and sustain these ministering spirits in their unselfish task.

A LEGISLATIVE committee from Springfield is investigating the sweating-shops of Chicago, and the revelation is, to say the least, startling. The committee is led in its investigation by Mrs. Thomas Morgan and Mrs. Florence Kelly of the Hull house. These women know where to find them. Of course the papers anticipate the official report. In one 7x10 room they found six men, boys and girls sewing on knickerbockers, while a woman, with a babe sick with measles, at her bosom, was stirring a pot of garlic. Eighteen men and seven girls were found in a low room 38x23 making goods for Marshall Field & Co. Here they were making fifteen dollar ladies' cloaks for $1.50 each. In another place working for this merchant prince, patronized by the élite, were found men who could earn a dollar a day by working fifteen hours. One woman was able to earn $1.50 a week by working long hours. All the children were "fourteen years old," they found none younger at work. Children who could talk no English had been taught to say "fourteen years" out of respect of the law which prohibits child's labor. Is the discovery of this wretched business the beginning of the end of it? Alas, how often have these exposures been made! how short is the memory of the prosperous. Long ago did the great poet who wrote the Book of Job discover

"To calamity belongeth contempt in the mind of one at ease."

The Greatness of Nobility and the Nobility of Greatness.

So busy, so hurried, so on-looking, so care-taking is the life we lead that we are ever in danger of losing much of life's sweetness, and missing much of life's inspiration. How many gentle words might have been ours had we waited for them! How many kindly sympathies might have been exchanged were it not for the hurry! How many friendly things might have been said and done if time had been given or taken! The strong man whose friendship we love, and whose society we meant to cultivate passes away before we come to the sweet amenities. The helping hand we meant to give to this tireless worker and that holy work seems to be strangled in its conception by the next care and the next duty.

Such thoughts as these haunted us long after the shock that came to us when we learned that our old friend and early helper, James H. Howe, had passed beyond, and that the worn out body had been laid to rest alongside of kindred dust at the old home in Kenosha. Col. Howe had the greatness of nobility. He was a man of appreciation, a splendid lover of good things; himself a man of wide reading, extensive travel, and fine culture, yet a good listener. He was a man who never had outgrown the love of folks, the love of church, and the love of religion. He delighted in preaching and preachers when they were large enough to merit his support. During the years of active life given to the Unitarian church in Kenosha, Col. Howe was indeed a pillar. Loving and loyal was his support of Mr. Simmons, and in these later years, when he had arrived at an age when it is not easy to transplant affections and sympathies even though business relations change, when he went to St. Paul he dropped promptly and heartily into his place in Unity church and became one of the staunchest supporters of Mr. Crothers and his work. His interest in spiritual things was perennial and growing.

When I first knew Col. Howe, many, many years ago, he was a man of many cares, a busy Judge in the United States courts, and I always remember with peculiar pleasure, the surprise to find so busy a man of affairs not only at church but so interested in the sermon that he persuaded the preacher to deliver the same sermon at Racine in the evening that he might telegraph to an associate on the Bench to be there and hear it too. His power of appreciation on all the lines of life and culture suggests the greatness of nobility.

But he had also the nobility of greatness. He belongs to a large-headed and large-hearted family. Twenty years ago Rev. Z. G. Howe, an Universalist minister, inactive from ill health, living at Monroe, Wisconsin, was one of the gentlest and most persuasive voices that was heard in our State Conferences. He was a man larger than any "ism," with a mind helpful to all truth-seekers. Timothy O. Howe, the great war Senator of Wisconsin, has his name written among the giants, Sumner, Trumbull, Wilson, Hoar and the others. These were the uncles of James H. Howe. He himself had the largeness of nature that made him prominent in many directions. Attorney General of the state, a colonel in the war, an United States District Judge, General Manager of a great railroad and an attorney representing great and complex interests; all these he was in turn, and all these positions he filled with honor. Possibly he succeeded so well in these positions because he always held himself above them. James H. Howe was larger than the colonel, the attorney, the manager or the judge. He was a believer in great things, a great hoper, and of course a great lover; tender and gracious in family and in society. His home was the genial shelter to every one who had a thought to offer or a question to propound. So considerate was he and gentle that we who knew him most were least able to judge of his strength.

In his death another link is severed that connected us with those bright, and to our eyes, prophetic days of the ministry when Wisconsin believed mightily in the potency of true Words, regardless of church organizations, spires and subscriptions. The days when Simmons, Fisher, Herbert, Dudley, Kerr, Stone and Holland gathered often in what has sometimes been derisively termed "talking conferences." Out of those conferences UNITY was born, the Unitarian State Conferences of the West sprung, the Western Conference and associate organization, took aggressive habits, and the Chicago headquarters came to be. Those were the days when Col. Howe gave generously of his substance, his presence and his sympathy. The encouragement of a few men and women of the type of Colonel Howe made that work not only possible but joyous.

UNITY extends its sympathy to the many relatives and friends, and will hold in blessed memory the name of the strong, kind man, James H. Howe.

How to Make Patriots.

This is a question pertinent in the month that celebrates the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington. The raw material is always at hand; never was country blessed with more or better material out of which to make patriots than ours. Here the blood of varying races blend; here the enthusiasm of diverse climes meet. The United States has been peopled by the aspirants of Europe.

A patriot must be made; he is a product of education. He must be trained. Man begins selfish, isolated. A patriot must be taught disinterestedness. He must be made intelligent. Every fool is a menace to the state. His loyalty is a scource of embarrassment if not of danger. The patriot, in this country, follows not a man, but a principle. He dies not for a personality but for an ideal; he works not for himself but for the community. The most unprofitable citizen is the man who subordinates truth in order to reach his goal, who will obscure a principle in order to win an election. That man is a dangerous man whether his office be that of a ward alderman or the president of the United States.

A patriot must be lifted above clannishness. He travels away from partisanship into philanthropy.

To accomplish all this we must give our children our annals of bravery. Our public schools in spirit, if not in form (and the form helps), should fly the American flag. History properly taught may do more for the mind than mathematics. Sociology, the latest of the "ologies," the newest of the sciences, has a large field that is within reach of the primary schools. Thus in our schools we may neutralize party bitterness, correct local prejudices, and foster high sentiments.

It is an auspicious omen that President Cleveland has gone beyond the lines of his party to find his Secretary of State. He has chosen not a democart nor yet a republican, but, a Man, unimpeachable in his integrity, uncompromising in his sincerity, and unquestioned in his ability. The parties were not large enough or wise enough to select him for the presidentiai chair. Now that Cleveland has displayed exceptional wisdom we begin to hope that in some departments at least, the hungry rabble of office-seekers may be kept at bay, and our civil service may begin to emerge from the reproach under which it has rested and move towards that purity and efficiency that will save the blushes of an American citizen when it is compared with the civil service of monarchical Europe, or even that of pagan China. Let us have less politics and more patriotism, fewer office-seekers that we may have better offices.

Men and Things.

WANTED: MEN.

Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles.
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted; men.

Wanted: deeds.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of scent and creeds:
Wanted: deeds.

THE faculty of love is the measure of great souls.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE man who points out our faults to us is a true friend; but we feel like kicking him just the same.—*Puck.*

AN electric railroad with a speed of a hundred miles an hour between Chicago and St. Louis, are among the things dreamed of.

JAGGS—"I tell you, sir, some way has got to be found to knock out the infamous whisky trust."
SELDOMSO—"Suppose you swear off."

A GREAT waterfall has been harnessed at Gryckspo, Sweden. A sixty horse power wheel runs a dynamo which yields fifty-five horse power at the mill two and a half miles away.

THE Hampton Institute in Virginia has now about seven hundred negro and Indian pupils. It is doing $100,000 worth of work every year on a regular income of $40,000. It needs help.

THE American College for girls, in Constantinople, is said to be the greatest monument of the twenty-five years' work of the Woman's Board of Missions. It is pronounced a veritable beacon light in the East.

THE American Geographical Society has undertaken to raise $25,000 for the purpose of equipping an expedition to go in search of the North magnetic pole. They are going to look for it in King William's Land, wherever that may be.

THE famous Boo tree, whose age of 2,200 years is proven by historic document, grows near the sacred city of Amarapoora, Birmah. It is one of the most beautiful of the sacred shrines of the world because it is growing. So also, is Buddhism. The great founder of which, tradition claims, once rested under the tree from which this tree was propagated.

THE International Congress of Charities, Correction and Philanthropy holds its sessions under the auspices of the Columbian Auxiliary in Chicago June 12-18, 1893. Its work is divided into seven sections, and its program and rules are already outlined in circulars 2 and 3 which can be obtained by addressing World's Congress Auxiliary, Home Insurance Building, Chicago.

EVEN in Russia there has just been opened in St. Petersburg the first "asylum" for such workingmen, either new arrivals or residents of the city, who may be temporarily out of work. Food and lodging will be provided free of charge, and an employment bureau will be conducted for the benefit of the inmates. There will be no stated length of time which one may remain therein, the only requirement being that the men shall do all in their power to secure employment. A woman's branch will soon follow.—*Dawn.*

"PUBLIC OPINION" is responsible for the following compilation of woman's present relation to the state. If this is to be relied upon things are not so bad as they seem. How quietly do the great reforms of the world creep over the stupid. Surely "the son of man cometh like a thief in the night":

It is stated that women have the full right of suffrage in Iceland, the Isle of Man, the Island of Jersey, Cape Colony, the Indian provinces of British Burmah, Madras and Bombay, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, and the State of Wyoming; and the partial right in Great Britain, Sweden, Finland, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, Roumania, Russia, Belgium, some parts of Austria, States of Massachusetts, New York, Minnesota, Kansas, South Dakota and the territories of Arizona and Oklahoma.—[To list should certainly be added Wisconsin and Illinois.—ED.]

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, our minister St. Petersburg, has been presenting cause of the World's Parliament of Reli to the Russian Church which is of Greek Catholic faith. And he writes the Greek church will not allow itself t unrepresented. Mr. White himself has sented to read a paper at that Congres "The Contributions of Religion to Scien Mr. White has worked the other phas the question so long and well "The An onisms of Religion to Science" that paper will be looked for with great inte

IT is said that 60,000 people have vis the House of Pansa at Saratoga. This scholarly reproduction of a Pompeiian dence. Mr. Franklin W. Smith of Bos the proprietor, stimulated by this succ is now planning a ten million, free nati museum to be erected, probably within grounds of the Soldier's Home at Wash ton. There will be historic galleries repres ing the old civilization, as well as the gro of our own country. This is the ultir direction for our World's Fair enthusi to take. The final conservation of the f should be in the direction of a perma museum. History will hardly forgive people of Chicago if they permit this g outlay of life and money to pass as a months' sensation only.

OUR exchanges are having their g natured tilts at the legislators in Minnes Kentucky and New York that are intro ing bills for the prohibition of hoop-sk It seems to be a question of degree and hard to know where to draw the line. is necessary to legislate against undue structions of sidewalks, or to guard aga the dangers of street crossings, this articl apparel, which, when it flourished cost many lives and broken limbs from the tanglements and combustibility of garme which at best offer many more danger this kind than the masculine garb, m come in for legitimate prohibition, bu we are to begin on this line of legislatio see no way of stopping until the house-b ing and air-polluting cigar and pipe made matters of police regulation an possible, suppression.

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Contributed and Selected.

In Memoriam.

hose who sit in sorrow's fold
d Life's sad, lonely vigils keep,
cious the sacred words of old,
e giveth His beloved sleep."

weary, heavy-laden souls,
ling along earth's rugged steep,
ıtly the gracious promise rolls,
e giveth His beloved sleep."

tly as bells at eventide,
ming afar, faint, low and sweet,
se soothing melodies abide,
e giveth His beloved sleep."

e shadows deepen ; night descends,
ıdly we grope ; we stretch and creep,
r Death's dark door this rainbow bends,
e giveth His beloved sleep."

ond the reach of mortal eye
r dear ones pass ; we can but weep,
comforted ; God hears your cry,
e giveth His beloved sleep."

t after toil ; peace after pain ;
ar rings a voice across the deep,
ife never yet was lived in vain ;
giveth His beloved sleep."

MAY R. HAYMES.

n Apology for the American Negro.

To THE EDITOR :—In an article en-
ed "Causes of Our Increasing
me," by H. M. S. in your issue of
ıuary 12, of this year, I read with
nful interest the proportion of crime
ich is allotted to the negro in
ıerica. I shall not undertake to
ıy these statistics, but shall en-
ıvor to show some of the causes
ich lead to such a condition.
Slavery, if it could have been con-
cted in accordance with principles
humanity, might have exerted a
ilizing influence upon these repre-
tatives of a primitive race. Chris-
uity lost a golden opportunity.
re was a chance to enlighten an
ant race, to humanize, to arouse
the soul of these negroes the
mbering spark of divinity. In-
ad of this, all efforts were to the
ıtrary. Education was kept care-
y from them. Religious instruc-
n ended with the awe-inspiring
cept: "Servants obey your
sters."
The flames of hell were vividly de-
ted to their already superstitious
nds, and the so-called religion of
negroes is not founded upon high
ral resolutions, but arises from fear.
ves to earthly masters and fearful
the whip, they trembled still more
the promise of wrath to come.
No noble inspirations, no ambitions
re encouraged, and that doctrine
ich leads to mental paralysis, *i. e.*,
ıtentment, was daily poured into
ir ears.
Morality, even the sacred marriage
ıtion, was disregarded. Husbands
l wives were sold away from each
er and from their children. Slaves
rried and remarried without legal
malities. Wives and daughters
e debauched by those who should
ve taught them nobler things.
ll power, which is the salvation of
human soul, was crushed until it
enerated into mulish stubborn-
s. Improvidence was inculcated
the fact that no wages were paid.
ırse food and clothing were fur-
hed them and there was no neces-
to provide for the future. The
ary laborers, however, sat often in
ir cabins at night and longed for
ter food than corn meal, which was
better than the horses ate, and this
to theft.
The example set by the average
thern gentleman was bad. By
se, it was considered a disgrace to
rk, and honor meant a something
be settled by a duel. To murder
ıan for a fancied insult, was the
ıax of gentlemanly conduct.

Hence, free negroes who were bred in the south, think it a fine thing to dress fine, loaf, and earn a living at the gaming table, race track, or by lottery, as their masters did before them.

All this, coupled with the facts that it is customary in the South to accuse negroes of every misdeed, when the perpetrator is unknown ; and that it is much easier for a white burglar to blacken his face until he resembles a negro, than it is for a negro to chalk up his face to resemble a white man, ought to serve as some sort of an apology.

I know now, while I write, that you are saying ; "But all this is done away with. We have set them free and now we are seeking to educate, enlighten and refine these people."

So you did set them free ; but to the white race as to a single individual I shall ask : If a man steal anything shall he take any credit to himself for its restoration? Shall he advertise the fact and seek a crown of glory? Yet far be it from me to detract one whit from the honor due to those noble individuals who stood with Garrison, Whittier, Stowe, and others in their noble fight for human liberty. Yes, it is true you are educating the negro today, and it does not kill him as it does the Indian.

Negroes have come forth from Harvard, Yale and many other fine institutions of the land. They have among them many representatives of two generations of such culture, who stand before you with higher ideas of religion and morality and with an ambition bred of such culture to be a leader among men, or at least to stand in the foremost ranks.

But how do you receive them?

You draw aside your mantle with a frown : "You have done well" you say, "but these opportunities are for white men. You may be a porter, a coachman, a janitor, a laborer, but I cannot employ you as my clerk or physician, nor take your legal advice, nor will I trade with you." (It was because of a semblance of success in a business venture, that those honorable, young colored men were shot down in Memphis.)

Wounded in self-respect, ambition crushed ; too proud to take positions as servants, these young men and women ask : "Have I studied all these years for this? Have I read the biographies of great men only to find my pathway to all that is high and noble barred?" Ambition in his breast is as if an eagle were confined in a low-roofed cage and flying again and again against the iron bars falls at last, bruised, bleeding and sullen into a corner. Christianity, even theosophy, the doctrine which teaches of re-incarnation and the universal brotherhood of mankind, holds forth no helping hand.

Only a few years ago, a leading expounder of this latter doctrine, refused to admit a young colored men, of refined family, into a medical college. Alexander Dumas, would be an impossibility in this country. His genius would have been crushed by the heel of prejudice as soon as it appeared.

Yet turn against the negro as you will, he is your brother. There is a divinity in his soul as well as yours. Though his face be black, the image of God shines still in his soul.

ERNESTINE C. NESBIT.

RUSKIN said "The only holy mother church which ever was or shall be, is where one hand meets another helpfully."

O, LITTLE joy is there in blooming May
For him who knows not March and many a doubtful day.
—*Robert Weeks.*

Largess.

Go forth in life, O friend, not seeking love—
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passer-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied,
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate ;
But thy heart's affluence lavish, uncontrolled ;
The largess of thy love give full and free.
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold ;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow!

—*Anna Lynch Botta, in "The Graphic."*

Anecdotes of Phillips Brooks.

Bishop Potter told this anecdote of Phillips Brooks to a new York *Tribune* reporter : I watched him with great interest on the occasion of the recent convention of the house of Bishops in Baltimore. I knew how attention to details and the slow progress of legislation would weary him. His seat was far back among the younger bishops, as the bishops are always seated in the order of precedence with respect to the time of their election and consecration. I was not surprised, therefore, when passing along the aisle near where he sat, I felt someone pulling at my skirts. I looked around and saw it was Brooks. Glancing at me in that peculiar, pleasant way of his, he asked, "Henry, is it always as dull as this?" I leaned over and said to him, "If you will be patient, my dear boy, you will find it animated enough."

We take the following from the *Boston Transcript* :—It was at the Christmas sale at Trinity Church. A little girl who had some dolls for sale begged the bishop to buy one from her table. Just to make talk with her apparently, the bishop asked, "Now what kind of dolls are you selling?" "Brides," said the child. The bishop laughed. "Won't you have one?" persisted the little girl. She was too young to know why the bishop laughed so much after her answer to his next question. "Now what should I do with a bride?" "Why, you could give her away!"

A physician tells a story of a poor woman who had required his services and to whom he had said after several visits, "You don't need any more medicine. What you need now is nourishment and fresh air. You need to get out." "But I have nobody to leave with the children," she said. They were little ones, and the poor mother's anxiety about them had added to her illness. The doctor repeated, "Well, you must manage to get out, somehow." A day or two later—being a sympathetic soul—he dropped in to see if she had found means to obey his directions. She certainly had. She had told her need to the man who cheerfully met all sorts of demands upon him. He was there taking care of the children while the poor mother went out for air and exercise. It was Phillips Brooks!

It is told of the bishop that one time, at some informal meeting where there were a great many children, he felt a strange sensation about one of his knees—a queer, repeated jabbing sensation. And when it came the third time he realized that it was external, and looked down to see a tiny girl gravely sticking in a pin. "Well, well, little girl, what are you doing? he exclaimed ; and she lisped, "I just wanted to see if you's stuffed!" His great size had impressed her ; her inquiring turn of mind proved to be an introduction which greatly amused her new friend, who afterwards did a good deal for the child, whose mother, too, needed help.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The Memories of Dean Hole. New York : Macmillan & Co. 1892. $4.00.

This is a vastly entertaining book. It suggests a variation of the song of "Old King Cole" as follows :—

"Old Dean Hole
Was a jolly old soul."

He is the Dean of Rochester, but that is a matter of but little consequence. Either his deanery has been a sinecure or he has done scant justice to that side of his career in these pages. He has arranged his matter topically. Artists have four chapters, Authors four, Cricketers one, Ecclesiastics six, Gamblers one, Gardeners three, Hunters two, Shooters two, Oxonians three, Preachers one, and Working Men one. Dean Hole's best known artist was John Leech, the best man that ever handled a pencil for *Punch*. Dean Hole accompanied him on his Little Tour in Ireland, writing the text for his sketches. He has much to tell of him that is very interesting, and makes a valuable addition to Dr. John Brown's delightful article on Leech, and by the way, Dr. Brown is one of the authors of whom Dean Hole writes with sympathy and admiration. But Thackeray is his big gun and after him Dickens. Dean Hole is not so well up in American history as in cricketing and gambling, for he sets down Daniel Webster as a President of the United States. He wanted to be very much but in that case Fourier's law—the attractions are proportioned to the destinies—did not hold good. It should be said that the chapter upon gamblers, though it relates some youthful follies, is one of the most moral in the book, setting forth the miserable effects of gambling and betting on individual and domestic life. The chapter on Ecclesiastics has good matter about the Oxford Movement and a burst of natural indignation over the proposition to give Newman's statue the best place in Oxford, "the representation of a deserter in a barrack-yard of the Church Militant, as a model for the young recruits." The book is full of good stories, and behind the book one finds and likes the man. It seems that one can be an Englishman and a churchman and full of life and interest in all manly sports, and yet be a total abstainer, without loss of self respect or the good opinion of the sifted part of the three kingdoms. J. W. C.

Amore. By Elizabeth Boynton Harbert. Chicago : New Era Publishing Co. $1.25.

This novel is an exposition of the doctrines of Christian Science and theosophy, the exposition taking the form of a pleasant story. The mere novel reader will be likely to cry out that there is but a poor ha'-penny worth of story to an intolerable deal of philosophy, but those interested in the new doctrines will find a well written statement of many of their beliefs.

Mrs. Harbert is a writer well known in the West, for good work done along many lines. Like all newly escaped prisoners from the bondage of the old creeds, she is an enthusiast, and desires to liberate and lift the world, up into the new light which gives her so much of joy. Liberal Christians can find no fault with their new allies, who influence a class of minds they have failed to reach themselves, and induce them to stand for Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in religion. H. T. G.

THE *Chautauquan* for February contains an important article on "The Common Road as a Social Factor" by John Gilmer Speed. He looks to the betterment of our wagon roads for a solution of many of the problems that distract country and city.

THE February number of *Child-Garden* has come to us. It is a supplement to that excellent magazine the *Kindergarten* and contains some of the most charming stories imaginable to be read to the eager little people who will form its audiences. May its circulation rapidly increase!

IN the *Jenness-Miller Monthly* for February will be found a valuable article describing a wet-weather costume, part of which at least is practical enough to recommend it to all sensible women.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Ai: A Social Vision. By Charles Daniel. Philadelphia : Miller Publication Co. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 296, $1.00.

Reasons for Believing in Christianity. Addressed to Busy People. By C. A. Row. New York : Thomas Whittaker. Cloth, 16mo, 75 cents ; paper, 25 cents.

A Wilful Heiress. By Emma Scarr Booth. Buffalo : Charles Wells Moulton. Paper, 12mo, pp. 230, 50 cents.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Religion of Tennyson.

By W. L. Sheldon.

Poets always have some kind of a religion. It would go with their nature. Religion has its basis largely in the feelings; and the poets live for the most part in the feelings. It would be a beautiful study for us to trace this peculiar element as it has shown itself in all its various aspects among this particular class of minds, from Homer to Dante, from Dante to Shakespeare and from Shakespeare to Goethe, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning. It would be a study altogether different in its character, from a survey of the history of religious thought in the writings of philosophy or in the teachings of the church.

While it is true that every poet has a religion, it is equally true that it will be, for the most part, one of his own making. No great poet has ever been strictly orthodox. To be orthodox, means to accept some other man's line of thinking, or to look to an external authority for the Ultimate Truth. But the poet-nature is not disposed to be a disciple of anything outside of himself. Just because he is a creature of feeling he will settle issues of that kind from the standpoint of his own emotions. If we care to read the intuitions of the human heart, the best place to go for them would be poetry and not philosophy. I do not say that the poets are the most trustworthy guides; but it does strike me that we are in a separate sphere when dealing with their religion. There is a kind of poet's church, poet's Bible, and poet's God.

It does not necessarily follow that their sentiments will be contrary to established beliefs. But they will get at them in a different way. An abstract principle cannot set the heart on fire. No man ever died for a creed. If the poet draws inspiration from a religious service, it will be from its prayers, its music, its architecture, and not from its dogmas or theology.

Shakespeare had a religion; so also did Goethe, Victor Hugo, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. But the religion of the poets is not by any means always alike. They may take the most contrary views of life, and differ widely in their attitude as to the true meaning of the universe. They will not all have the same church or the same God.

Tennyson had a religion of his own. It is not the same as that of any other poet. It has its own peculiarities. He was not what we would call an "intense nature." I do not think he could have entered into the yearning of Shelley after the Infinite One. He would not have been pursued by temptation, as was the latter poet, to take his own life just in order to discover what there was in Eternity. I do not think that his emotions would have gone out with the greatest enthusiasm to the cry of the Psalmist: "As the hart pants after the waterbrook, so panteth my soul after Thee, Oh God!" That sentiment would have been more characteristic of Wordsworth or of Goethe.

When we speak of the religion of a poet, it is not to be understood that we are asking definitely for their intellectual apprehension of the meaning of life, or of the personality of God. The true poet does not have clear-cut opinions. He *feels*. We do not go to him for doctrines. Shakespeare probably never once put to himself the direct question: "What do I believe?" Goethe himself could not have defined his own position. He was the one to say on that great issue: "Feeling is everything; the Name is nothing."

Tennyson may have had a system of doctrine. I do not know; nor do I care. But it would be interesting to know what aspects of Nature called out his emotions. What were his sympathies? What kind of experiences made his heart bound? Under what conditions did he himself quiver with feeling? He was a pure artist—far more so than Emerson or Browning. It was for that reason that he was able to say so clearly and concisely what other men struggled to utter in more confused language. A single instance will illustrate what I mean. We have come to think in later days that Nature is a unit. You cannot split up the world into "matter, and spirit," "Universe and God." This whole wide expanse with its central energy is a continuous Totality. It all hangs together. The philosopher will therefore say that if he could only understand one part of it, he could have a clue to it all. Now it would require volumes to explain the full significance of this thought. I have expressed it here only in the vaguest language. The great poets have at various times sought to express it as a sentiment in verse. But mark the contrast! Goethe undertakes it. We recall the language of the Earth Spirit in "Faust."

> "In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
> I walk, and work, above, beneath,
> Work and weave in endless motion!
> Birth and Death
> An infinite ocean;
> A seizing and giving
> The fire of Living:
> 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest
> Him by."

That is magnificence itself! It is sublime poetry! But it lacks simplicity. The translation is from Carlyle. He was troubled with the same imperfection. He had to use a great many words and a vast amount of imagery in order to express one thought. Goethe was too much half poet and half philosopher.

Emerson tries his hand at the same conception. He, too, wants to give that one idea in the language of poetry. He makes the effort in a great work of genius called "The Sphinx." It reaches its climax in his effort to convey this one great truth. We remember the two lines:

> "Who telleth me one of my meanings,
> Is master of all I am."

We say: "Sublime!" It is inspiring, uplifting and quickening to the intellect. But it is the language not of poetry but of philosophy.

Now comes Tennyson. He is not an essayist, scientist, the philosopher-poet, or the poet-philosopher. He has never written anything about the nature of color or the morphology of plants as we know was the case with Goethe. He had never written anything like that wonderful discourse on "The Sovereignty of Ethics," by Emerson. He could not write essays or dissect the laws of Nature. He, too, had caught something of this same wonderful truth; but he had grasped it through his sentiments. He is poet and nothing else. He recalls a feeling that came to him yesterday as he was walking along the roadside. It was a commonplace experience. He jots it down just as it came to him, noting the passing thought or question that occurred to his mind at the time.

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;—
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

The poet has said it better than essayist, scientist or philosopher. He is superior at this point both to Emerson and Goethe. That sublime truth which philosophy and science are striving to explain and describe is all conveyed to us by the feelings, in those three lines:

> "Little flower—if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

We have said that Tennyson was not an intense nature. He was the poet of the beautiful, the gentle, the sweet, the human, the tender. I account for it in part from the circumstances of his life. It is rare and unique for a great poet to be born in affluent conditions. The discipline of struggle is what awakens intense emotions. There is no agency that can so make a man *feel*, and know the feelings of others, as the necessity he may be under to establish himself. Tennyson never quite knew what it meant to be obliged to struggle for a living. He never experienced the awful weight on his soul of that consciousness which says: "I must do this thing or starve." He never had that anxious thought: "What is to become of me on the morrow?" He could not, for that very reason, appreciate all the tension of feeling existing outside of him in the world. A poet cannot go beyond his own life for the material of his experience. What he writes must start from himself. Tennyson, therefore, is great only in those kind of emotions that we can all experience, irrespective of our conditions of life.

"Where, then, did he get his religion?" It came to him through one particular occurrrence. It was something that can come to every man and woman. There was nothing strange or unusual about it. But when it happens in the life of a great character, it is going to call forth great feelings. The thoughts and emotions on that occasion will be commensurate with the man.

And so it was with Tennyson. He had that experience; he went through that ordeal. He had had a friend; he had loved him very much; and he had lost him through death. It was a commonplace occurrence. But it happened on this occasion to a great soul, to a man of poetic genius. While in the agony of that time, he produced a religious faith of his own making. We can see it shaping itself. When trouble comes to us, we begin to think pretty seriously, to feel most profoundly. We sink deep into the waters of sentiment and reflection. It is at such a time that we begin to wonder what we are here for, what our aims are, and what kind of a staff we are leaning upon? Shakespeare expressed a fact when he said: "They breathe truth who breathe their words in pain." Tennyson gives us his religious faith, therefore, in his poem: "In Memoriam."

It stands as a work of art all by itself. It is the one existing poem, so far as I know, in our mother speech, that is turned to for consolation. It is really nothing more than a series of soliloquies. They were evidently not written all at one time. He must have sketched them down month by month, year by year as the time went on. He grappled with himself in the darkness. Up to that time life had been smooth and easy. He had passed his days watching the beautiful colors of human sentiments, writing of passions that he could look upon and describe but yet had not really felt. Now he has something to say from personal experience. He does give utterance to some grand reflections.

It almost seems at times as though his lines must have come to him without any thinking or effort. We could almost fancy that they shaped themselves in this form at the moment that the thought occurred to him. They are so simple and natural, we almost forget that they are in verse. He could have *dreamed* them. They seem almost to breathe out feeling. We do not notice the words. Each time it is just like one exclamation a cry. I recall, for example, the lines of despair:

> "Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
> These leaves that redden to the fall;
> And in my heart if calm at all,
> If any calm, a calm despair."

Who has not been in that mood You cannot speak; you have nothi to say. You lean back and just the soul come to a standstill. All t rest of the world appears to join wi you in the same feeling.

Now and then there is a touch memory. Under that influence carves, as it were, by a single stro of the chisel, a figure that tells v umes in reference to one human re tionship. Was there ever in a language a more perfect descripti of friendship than in the four line

> "When each by turns was guide to ea
> And fancy light from fancy caught,
> And thought leapt out to wed w
> thought,
> Ere thought could wed itself w
> speech."

I wonder if it has been noticed th there are only two words in these e quisite lines that are more than o syllable? It is remarkable that wh we feel intensely, when the soul d its thinking for us, when we seem be just sitting back and listening, speaks the speech of childhood—simplicity. One of the most pec liar features of this whole poem the quality of its language. T words are for the most part of one two syllables—mostly from the Anglo Saxon. I noted it careful for example, in that wonderful "N Year's Song"; of the two hundred a twenty-four words he uses there, o hundred and ninety-three of them a of one syllable. In fact this is a ch acteristic of the whole poem.

"In Memoriam" is distinctly poem of theology. Its theme "God." It was born out of t spirit of revolt, just as was the ca with the great poems on theism Shelley. When some one qu close to us has been taken away fr earth, the first question that comes the mind is "Where has he gone t What great arms have received him

Tennyson, I fancy, had been in early days more or less under the i fluence of the old Calvinistic teac ings, although happily in the mil form of the "Church of England We are all acquainted with that vere system of theology. They kn of God the judge, but little of t Fatherly Being to whom "the ve hairs of our head are all numbered They told rather of the punishi the avenging God. Is it strange t the poet should have been tossed agony of mind as he thought of friend passing over to the other sh into the hands of that kind of a Bei What was to be the judgment me out to the man he had loved? W the Supreme Power to test him by belief? Alas! Possibly he would be able to meet the criticism. two men had differed in their vi on religion. According to the teaching, it was possible, if not pr able, that this friend would be s back, turned away from the arms the Infinite Father, because of lack of true belief. And yet Ten son knew that he had been a *true m* What wonder that the poet w searching into the depths of his o heart for the basis of another higher religion! This struggle the soul of Tennyson is, I take it, clue to the theological trend of Memoriam."

We have said that its theme "God;" but there is one point t remembered. It never raises question as to the existence of t Being. It never discusses that iss No doubt as to that fact ever cro the mind of the poet. No, its th was not the existence, but *the m or personal character of God.* Th

what gives it its peculiar power. The Divine Being is brought before the bar of human judgment, and as it were made to give account of itself, not for its existence, but for its moral qualities.

All the argument in the world could do nothing against that striking, compact, coherent system of Calvinism. It sat firm as a rock. It was logical, most logical, and yet somehow it seemed woefully irrational. But it stood untouched, firm and secure, until men began to assail it by another method than by the process of reason. Instead of arguing about it, the poet simply threw down the gauntlet of defiance and said: "I won't have that kind of a God." That was the work of Tennyson.

A philosopher could not do it. One after another had tried it; but they had wasted all their ammunition. A vain effort had been made in that direction by the poet's own friend, Frederick Denison Maurice. Tennyson was able to accomplish it, because he was a poet and not a philosopher.

When he exclaimed in the opening hymn as the introduction, addressed to the Most High, speaking of the creation of the human being, and said: "Thou hast made him: Thou art *just*," he practically changed the tendencies of religion in the modern world. Others have taken up the cry. They, too, have said in their heart: "Thou hast made him: Thou are just." Who is it that says it? It is the heart of man himself. *The God for the race of man was to be made to square with the innate sense of justice in the human heart.* It would have been a vain and useless effort for philosophy. The intuitions do not speak in the language of formulas. The poet does it with a single stroke. Tennyson speaking out of the depths of his own nature could say, "A God who will receive me must receive him, for he was worthier than I." But the system of theology would have put it the other way. The Divine Being, according to their teaching, would have rejected his friend and accepted Tennyson. The poet can only say, "Thou hast made him; Thou art *just*." But with that saying he institutes a new theology. We have here the basis of the religion of Tennyson.

I do not assume that the poet was audacious in his assurance or in his defiance. There we can discover the delicate instinct of the finer poetic nature. It is a crude, prosaic individual who cries out in the bitterness of anger. But no good ever comes of that method. It only puts a stumbling block in the way of finding the truth. Bitterness of heart gives us no clue to justice.

What gives the strength and force to the lines of Tennyson if not their calm humility. He is never rough nor audacious. He is gentle, fine, delicate, though firm. He clings to a trust now kindled in his own heart; but while doing so he still says reverently and truly:

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

I speak of this particular attitude of the poet, because it is of such consequence in settling for us in the question to what extent the heart's instincts are to be taken as a guide or authority on questions of Ultimate Truth. To what extent are we justified in appealing to those first emotions? How far have we the right to say: "This is not justice." Tennyson, you perceive, does not make the assertion from any thought of wrong having been done to himself. This is the important consideration. It will not do for us to put too much confidence in that innate sense as to what would be right treatment when we are deciding with reference to ourselves. Under those circumstances we are always prejudiced judges. No man knows his own heart so well as to be able to say: "I am worthy." But when it deals with another; when some one who is near to us, stands to be judged and we are placed ahead of him, then the innate sense within us claims its lawful right to assert its sense of justice. Tennyson did this with reference to his friend. He appeals to a new and different kind of a God.

Yes, the clue to the theology of "In Memoriam" was the struggle in the soul of the poet to emancipate itself from the old idea of the Deity. The being to whom he now appeals is the "Immortal Love." He has discovered by searching in the depths of his own consciousness, that this must be the character of the Divine Power. Tennyson, in that period of suffering and agony went down truly, we might say, into hell. He tasted the bitterness of death. But he came out re-born and re-baptized; a new man with a religion of his own making. He sought for the basis of his faith in the best and purest feelings of his own heart. What they would not admit of, he would not believe in.

He came by his poetic insight to one positive conclusion: We may not know just what God is, but there are certain things that we know He is *not*. Whatever power reigns at the heart of the universe and holds the destinies of our race in its hands, it deals out its judgments according to the characters and lives of men, and not according to the accident of their beliefs, provided that power is the author of Justice. And this was the assertion of Tennyson.

If it had not been for the influence of a reaction from that earlier school of theology, the religious spirit of "In Memoriam" would not have been so much a product of the poet's own nature. Those thoughts or sentiments would not have occurred to his mind. This poem is more than anything else a groping of the soul after a true idea or ideal of the Deity; it is an effort to make the God of history square with the heart's ideal of God.

Probably the majority of persons would say that the real theme of the poem was rather the hope of immortality. Possibly a great number of people have turned to it for that one purpose, in order to be encouraged and strengthened in their faith at that one point. And yet I think this is a mistake. It is quite true that Tennyson does have a great deal to say on that particular aspect of religion. He shrinks from the possible thought that his friend may not be living in another world. His heart cries out against the supposition.

The most intense longing for support in that hope is not with reference to one's self. It is for the sake of one's friends that we want to believe in immortality. We do not like to give them up; we would be so glad to commune with them after they are gone. If we cannot do that, it is a consolation to assume that their life is going on elsewhere, though it be in another world. This, undoubtedly, is the noble aspect of the cry of faith on this point from Tennyson. The most sublime utterance on this subject ever voiced in human speech is in a few verses of "In Memoriam." May I give them entire as they stand?

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pule complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry?"

Many people know these lines by heart. They have said them over to themselves a countless number of times.

It strikes me that we may, however, miss the truest and best significance of the feeling of Tennyson by not catching the highest import of these lines. I still hold to my assertion that the theme of the poem is not "Immortality," but the "Character of God." Tennyson wants justice. He demands that the principle or law of the Universe shall square with the best instincts and aspirations of his own heart. What he cries out against is *discrimination*. It is this one circumstance which always leads us to think and feel about what is Perfect Justice. It is not for me to say whether the poet was right or wrong at this point in his cry of hope and faith. Each man must decide that for himself. What the human heart does emphatically say is that Divine Justice shall not wilfully or arbitrarily discriminate between one being and another. That is the magnificent assertion of this whole poem of Tennyson's.

"What, then, is the sublime thought conveyed to us in these lines we have just given from the poem?" I do not think it is merely the hope conveyed that there is a life beyond the grave for any one particular person. No, it is rather the new *experience of feeling and sympathy*. The particular *belief* is not the important consideration that has come to the poet through the influence of his sorrow. We begin early in life perhaps, through a care for ourselves and what may happen to us. But that is low down in the scale of being. Then as personal attachment to others comes, we come to care for what may happen to *them*. When those ties however are sundered, when we are wrenched apart from others that we love, then the last step appears in the evolution of religious sentiment. We are led to have sympathy *with every form of existence*.

This I take to be the lofty import of those wonderful lines of Tennyson. It is not the cry of hope for his friend; not simply the longing to have a future life even for the whole human race. It is that sudden leap of his sympathies, which now includes every form of life. What touches me in those lines more than anything else is that he has come to include the very "worm" that we tread under foot; the "moth" that is shriveled at the touch of fire. Religion no longer includes himself, his friends, the human race. It now takes in the scope of the Universe. We forget that he is merely speaking of a particular life after death, or a hope of Heaven. It is rather the underlying cry of faith in the human heart that there is a *divine purpose* in the whole world; that there is an order of some kind there, and that somehow or other it has been put together on a principle of justice. In a word you will perceive as I have said, he is thinking less about personal immortality, than he is about that other fact or truth: the moral basis of the intelligence at the heart of the Universe. His theme is the character of God.

We can perceive the same result in that magnificent part of the poem: "The New Year's Song." Many an individual may have been troubled to conceive why those particular verses should have found a place in the "In Memoriam." Tennyson's theme is supposed to have been one of sorrow. Its tone at first is mournful. But this other song is like a Hymn of Joy. A man might at first shrink from reading it lest it should give a shock to him in his grief. When we are in pain, at first we do not care to read hymns of joy. To some persons it will appear, therefore, as though this great song that comes like an exultant Hymn, a joyous "*Te Deum*," were out of place in the poem of Tennyson.

I do not wish to be too venturesome in my assertions; but it is perfectly clear to me that that song must have come to the poet in his time of sorrow. Not only that, but there is no doubt in my mind that if he had not had that experience of grief and suffering, he never would have written those magnificent lines. It was sorrow, and nothing but sorrow, that gave birth to the exultant, joyous, triumphant "New Year's Song."

What is the main feature of that Hymn? It is sympathy, nothing but sympathy. At last the poet had come to realize that there was something more important than what might happen to him, or to his personal friends. Immortality for those who are dear to him, actually now sinks into the background. Sorrow has worked its lesson. The burden of this "New Year's Song" is not the hope of a future life for the human race after death. That thought does not now appear to be in the mind of the poet. It is rather the other desire to have Justice reign in this present world.

We touch at this point on the divine mission of sorrow. Many have thought that its purpose was to make us think upon death and the life after death. But I do not believe it. We may rebel against the fact. Nevertheless, it appears to be a law of human nature that nothing else will do the work of kindling wide human sympathies. Joy all by itself somehow appears to make men selfish. I have myself noticed that people at times of great happiness actually try to avoid coming in contact with pain and trouble. At such moments they will turn aside and go out of their way, cross a street or go around a corner, in order not to witness something painful or jarring. Happiness does not seem to be the great Mother of Sympathy. Sorrow appears to have been the one supreme agent in history which has kindled the deeper feelings and made men love their fellows. It is a striking circumstance that the person conspicuous as the great teacher of brotherhood and care for others, was known as "The Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief."

We might wish the fact to be otherwise; but it seems to be the law of Nature. The greatest characters who have displayed the most heroic sympathy have been men of sorrow, who have tasted the bitterness of grief.

Let any person think for a moment of the individuals among his own acquaintances who show the deepest and tenderest feelings of that kind. Are they not the very individuals who have gone through such experience? They are the very class of persons who can enter into the spirit of this "New Year's Song." They could have written it themselves. It came as the culmination of the grief of Tennyson.

What now was the poet thinking about? Was it immortality? Was it hope for his friend? Was it the sense of his own loss? No, his friend, his own self, immortality—they have all fallen into the background before the other thought. The divine purpose which his own inner nature asserts to be the real

law of the Universe, must begin to execute itself *now*. It is the cry:

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times."

Tennyson, I fancy had not thought much about that before he went through his experience of grief. He had seen the Beautiful everywhere. He was pure artist. He loved rare *colors* that charmed the eye and elevated the mind. He had been thinking about all that was beautiful in the world. He had been without a religion. The divine mission of sorrow now however has done its work. At last he has another thought; he sees another aspect of life and appreciates its poetry as well. He feels another tone in those New Year bells as he says:

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

Happiness all by itself does not make us think of those things. Joy, too, has its divine mission; but its purpose is not to kindle sympathy. It does not make us dwell on the strife and contentions in human history; it does not keep our thoughts on the evils which ought to be removed; it does not call our minds to the condition of affairs elsewhere in the world. It moves and lives within its own sweet circle or charm,—radiant, noble, beautiful, but one-sided. We must suffer in order to sympathize. No other power has been discovered which can do the work. Grief is the mother of the desire for Universal Justice. Under the inspiration of that experience Tennyson could cry:

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind."

Am I not right? Is not the real theme of this great poem the desire for the heart's ideal of justice to be executed in this world, because of the assertion of the heart that this same ideal must somehow be at the heart of the divine Authority of Justice? It is from this standpoint that we can appreciate the closing lines of that great "New Year's Song:"

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

We are so liable to miss the purport of those words. No one who has not tasted of sorrow can appreciate them. When grief has done its work the mind comes to know what they mean. The human soul then understands that Tennyson is speaking of the Christ-that-is-to-be, *on earth*. It is a sublime discovery. It may not come to every mortal; but when it does reach the soul, then the man in the midst of his sorrow begins to sing this Hymn of Joy.

It is "In Memoriam" that suggests to us this poet's religion. I may be wrong in my thought, but it is impossible for me to escape the conviction that people are in error who turn to this great work chiefly because they assume its theme is Immortality. We can only receive the true good from it, not chiefly by coming to it as a means of building up our hope and our faith, but rather as we enter into the poet's mood, appreciate his new experience, sympathize with his sympathies. We then receive the influence because we experience his religious feeling rather than a particular doctrine or belief. I am satisfied that the actual existence of a personal God is a minor issue, beside this other question as to the moral quality of the Divine Being—or of whatever power reigns and is Sovereign in the Universe. And I have been helped to this feeling by reading "In Memoriam,"—reading portions of it over and over and over again, until they repeat themselves almost in my dreams. That poem has led me to think rather of the Divine Purpose of Justice. That such a purpose exists, was the discovery coming to the mind of Tennyson through his grief, and it gave him the basis of his religion. The theme of "In Memoriam" I still think, is the moral character of the Divine Power in the Universe, which men for want of a better name have called "God."

Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—The regular monthly meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society was held on Tuesday, February 14. There were present: Rev. A. W. Gould, the president; Miss Lord, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Jones and, as invited guest, Mr. Hosmer. Besides the routine business attended to, Mr. Kerr's resignation of the position of treasurer was accepted with regret, his removal making this change necessary. Mrs. M. H. Perkins was elected to fill the vacancy. The president and secretary were appointed a committee to arrange a program for the society for the anniversary meeting in May. The secretary was instructed to publish in UNITY a brief account of the monthly meetings.

M. H. PERKINS, *Sec'y.*

Buda, Ill.—The voice of "Ye old time preacher," Rev. Chester Covell, is once more heard ringing out good thoughts from the desk he occupied for so many years, and only gave up because he thought a younger man could do more work than he was able to do. For more than a year his place has been filled by Rev. V. H. Brown, who has made many friends but has resigned his labor of love and will take up the practice of law at Arkansas City, Kansas. His many friends gave him a surprise at his residence Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, and gave him "loads" of good wishes for success in his new work. Mr. Covel will conduct the morning service, and the Unity Club will take the evening service. S.

Tacoma, Wash.—"Sunday and the Columbian Exposition From an Ethical Standpoint," was the topic discussed by the Liberal Club at its February meeting held at Tacoma hotel. Samuel Collyer read the paper of the evening, which was loudly applauded. It was evidently the sense of the club that the Fair should remain open on Sunday, as right and just, and to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. Though not yet two months old, the Liberal club has grown rapidly in membership, for which the attractive and inviting objects of the organization and the pleasant and profitable character of its meeting are responsible.

San Jose, Cal.—*The Advance*, a neat eight-page monthly, published by the Young People's Fraternity of the First Unitarian church, has reached UNITY office. It is edited by Revs. N. A. Haskell and J. Herndon Garnett, ministers of the church. Each number contains a sermon, together with other matter of interest and profit, in addition to parish and denominational news.

Boston.—Rev. T. Earnest Allen, secretary of the Psychical Research Society gives a most interesting statement of the experiences and opinions of Rev. M. J. Savage, president and of himself secretary of the society. He offers no ultimate theory of spirit communication, but has a confident belief that some reasonable faith in "soul touch" will come to students in some near day. Mr. Allen's exact topic before the Monday club was "The claim of Psychical Research upon the liberal ministers."

—Large progress is already made towards erecting a memorial statue of the late Bishop Brooks in the open air near his church.

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Tues.—Learn to live well or fairly make your will.

Wed.—The same ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot as it makes a knave.

Thurs.—Fame with toil we gain, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please.

Fri.—Be niggards of advice on no pretense;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.

Sat.—'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

—*Pope.*

A Birthday Wish.

Dear little maid with the starry eyes,
And hair in a silken curl,
What shall I send you for birthday gift,
You sweet little baby girl?

What can I send but the dearest wish
That my heart can breathe for you,
The wish that your life may be brave and strong,
Your soul may be pure and true?

Sorrows will come to you, little one,
Shadows will cross your way,
But yours be the sunny spirit, dear,
That can brighten the darkest day.

Many an angel will visit you,
And perhaps the Angel, Pain,
May teach you the lesson of patient trust,
To be learned and learned again.

But if you keep through life, sweetheart,
The faith of a little child,
You will find that whenever the tear-drops fell,
The rainbow of promise smiled.

And so I send you, my little one,
This wish for your earthly way,
God keep you and make you all His own
Till you enter the Perfect Day.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Home Training.

There is no place that influences and shapes more the character and destiny of man than home and its surroundings. Here it is that the child receives its first impressions and the cardinal virtues are first instilled. To keep these qualities pure and uncontaminated the only source from which parents can draw their inspiration is idealism.

Idealism for man is a bright guiding star to which he can look in time of trouble and despair; idealism for woman is the holy flame of love that illuminates and fills the small circle with a mild lovely magic. To be priestess of this heavenly flame is woman's highest and grandest vocation. To nurse this with an untainted soul, to know no sorrow, to know no other happiness, is the burden allotted to her. The spirit of peace and bliss must rest over the home like the thin veil that hides the bride's face. Idealism, alone, can accomplish this, and man, when discouraged and disappointed, can only find consolation, joy and encouragement where this sacredness exists. The intellectuality of man and the kind, pure and sweet disposition of woman is that which will promote this end.

The realization of these ethical demands is the problem of education. Therefore, it is essential that before educating a child for its life's vocation, its psychical nature ought to be carefully and prudently developed. Its sensibilities should only be awakened to that which is pure, noble and refined; its perception must be given clearness; the sensations purity, and to accomplish this the first impressions must be cautiously nursed. The environment must be kept pure and healthy; the ideals must be noble, inspiring, and a happy home life is indispensable for imprinting the first and lasting impressions upon the tender mind. The great love that parents have for their children, often stands in the way of a faultless and healthy development. There are certain definite duties that parents owe to their children in their youth, and the breach of any of these duties may cause them much sorrow in after life. Love must give way to duty and the parent who does not rigidly adhere to this will find out his mistakes too late. Too much fondness shown a child will make it peevish, capricious and disobedient and these in time will degenerate into moral defects. All extremes must be avoided in the training and education of the young. To be too indulgent to a child is not only dangerous but fatal to its moral development; to be too strict is equally ruinous, therefore, the only safe-guard is to strike a happy course between the two.

Again, as small causes may change the course of a river, so small invisible causes, if overlooked and neglected, may change the entire life's course of a child. There is no cause without its effect, and character is largely made up of psychical causes and effects. Parents should remember that feeling precedes intellect and that a careful training of the emotional nature of a child will have corresponding effect upon the intellect. The doctrine, that when a child "gets its senses" all the faults of its early training will be eradicated, is erroneous. Habits once formed are difficult to change. Whatever home training has neglected and failed to accomplish can not be remedied in school. Teachers to attain good results cannot busy themselves too much with the individual, yet the tendency among them is to busy themselves more with those who are mentally strong, bright and can take care of themselves, than with those who most require their assistance. They are often no friends of children and therefore are not suited to repair the faults of home training. The essential condition parents should look to is the psychical and physical health of their children and this can only be accomplished through proper home training.

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Publisher's Notes.

From and after March 1st, 1893, the publishing office of Charles H. Kerr & Company will be at 350 Dearborn street. As already announced, the Western Unitarian Conference will occupy the entire space at 175 Dearborn street, including what we have heretofore used. We have just concluded an advantageous purchase of the printing office lately owned by Charles H. Sergel & Co., on the fifth floor of the building at numbers 346, 348 and 350 Dearborn street, and have leased nearly half the floor. This will enable us to unite our publishing and printing departments under one roof. We shall consolidate with our new purchase the printing office which we have heretofore operated at 175 Monroe street. The combined office will contain two Thorne typesetting machines, and over a ton of long primer book type, which will enable us if necessary to set up a book of 400 pages in a week or less, besides a full and varied assortment of smaller types and display letters. We are now ready to solicit orders for printing of every description, from an octavo volume to a postal card.

Our book publishing business will also be greatly enlarged. We have about ready for issue a volume of nearly three hundred pages, entitled "Information for Nurses," by Martin W. Curran of the Bellevue Hospital in Brooklyn. This book is intended primarily as a text-book for nurses in training schools, but it will likewise be an invaluable book of reference for all nurses, whether they have received a professional training or not. A full prospectus of the book with table of contents, will soon be ready, and we shall be glad to send it to any address.

"Asleep and Awake," by Raymond Russell, a novel of unusual interest and merit, will be ready early in May. Its scene is laid in Chicago, and it combines in a remarkable manner idealism of treatment with realism of subject.

The current number of our *Library of Progress*, just issued, will be mailed to any address for 25 cents. It is entitled "The Beginning:—A Romance of Chicago as it Might Be," and is prefaced by noteworthy letters from Rev. Dr. Thomas, Prof. Swing, the mayor of Chicago and three prominent judges of Cook county. The general idea of the book is indicated by the following quotation from Judge Tuley's letter:

> Your book contains no appeal to force or to the passions. It will, I believe, have the effect to make people "stop and think," and that is the great need of the present time.
>
> The underlying idea—that, in the proper and higher education all of the children of the state—a peaceable remedy may be found for the gross wrongs, injustice and inequalities existing in our present social system is I believe, the correct one.
>
> The method of attaining that end by a taxation which will be the most effective, and the least oppressive—substantially as set forth in your book—I do not hesitate to say, is—in my opinion—most worthy of adoption.

Other important publications will be announced later. In connection with our publishing business we are prepared to fill retail orders for any book published. We prepay charges but offer no discounts except to holders of our CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING BONDS. These bonds bear six per cent interest, and are issued in any denomination not less than ten dollars and for any time not less than one year. To the holders of these bonds we allow 40 per cent discount on all books published by us, and 30 per cent discount on most other American books, including nearly all the miscellaneous books of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Roberts Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., Harper & Brothers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Humboldt Publishing Co., The Arena Publishing Co., The United States Book Co., Lee & Shepard, A. C. McClurg & Co., etc. School books, works of reference and imported books are sold on narrower margins, but on these we make our bondholders the best terms possible. In short, we give in return for the investment of $10 for one year, in addition to 6 per cent interest, precisely the same advantages that are offered by library associations in return for a fee paid outright.

A further advantage is offered to our bondholders in that we fill their book orders on credit, subject to monthly settlement, provided only that the amount charged at any one time is not in excess of the face of the bond. This is a decided convenience, since it is not easy to tell from a catalogue what would be the exact net cost of a book, especially if it is to be sent by mail and postage added.

We shall be glad to see our friends in our new quarters as soon as we have had time to make necessary improvements in the building into which we are moving, and meanwhile all mail orders will receive prompt attention.

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175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

To World's Fair Visitors.

As so many of our friends are making inquiries regarding the World's Fair, and what accommodations can be obtained, etc., we deem it wise to establish a Bureau of Information and Club Room where all information incident to the World's Fair matters can be obtained; where all mail can be received for the members of the Club; where a list of reliable boarding and lodging accommodations will be kept for reference; where Guide Books of the City of Chicago and World's Fair will be on sale and for reference; where district messenger and telegraph calls will be furnished; where daily papers, other reading matter and stationery will be found, and all information can be obtained regarding the city and the best methods of getting around it; where all members can register and thus enable their friends to find them.

To those desiring the privileges of this Club Room during the time of the World's Fair, the nominal fee of $2 will be charged, payable in advance, upon receipt of which a certificate of membership will be issued to the party subscribing. The membership to this Club must necessarily be limited, therefore prompt application is desired. Write for information, inclosing a stamp, to the editor of *Universal Truth*, 87 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The committee having in charge Unity Building for the accommodation of Unitarians and their friends announce that the demand for rooms is very large and our somewhat limited space will probably be all called for under our commutation offer, which runs out March 1, viz.:

Single beds (two or more in room) five nights $7.00
Double beds (each person) five nights 6.00

On account of delays in printing, correspondence at long distances, etc., we feel that we have only done what was fair in securing the following arrangements.

To those who have opened correspondence and have negotiations pending with the committee on or before March 1, the time for the actual filing of application and payment of money for commutation tickets will be extended to April 1, giving sufficient time to close arrangements already begun.

To those applying to us after March 1, we will issue similar tickets at the following rates:

Single beds (two or more in room) five nights $8.00
Double beds (each person) five nights 7.00

The holders of such tickets will be accommodated at Unity Building as far as is consistent with the comfort of all and we are fortunate in having arranged for our overflow in a very attractive building, within a short distance and under, practically, the same ownership and management, where our tickets will be honored and our guests well cared for.

For circulars or other information address either of the undersigned:

MRS. R. HOWARD KELLY, Chairman, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.
MISS A. A. OGDEN, Room 24, Custom House, Chicago.
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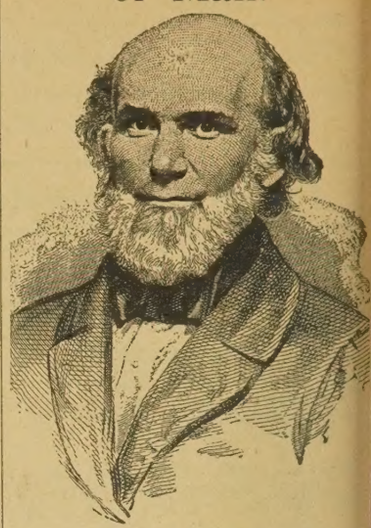

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